

**You Were Only
Waiting For This
Moment To Be
Free**

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You Were Only Waiting For This Moment To Be Free by brams_oreos

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Summary:

The two boys sat in silence for a while, Eddie taking the time to adjust to the situation. He traced his name in the dust on the ground next to him, surprised that he didn't mind the way it coated his fingertips as he did.

He wasn't afraid anymore.

"So..." he started, "what do you do around here?"

Stan continued watching the sky and glanced at Eddie while he answered, "I like watching the birds. Especially when they do this-look."

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I made a tumblr post and then wrote a fic, so here you go. Title is from the song "Blackbird" by the Beatles, which I listened to while writing this. Apologies for probably OOC Stan, I've never written him before.

Death was cold at first.

Eddie wasn't exactly sure what he had expected, but the feeling of icy winds whipping against his skin probably wasn't it.

He couldn't see either, not for the first few moments, at least. He just stood and shivered. It felt like he was floating.

Then, he was on the ground, feeling tiny pebbles press against his skin through his shirt, he was no longer cold, instead feeling the unmistakable warmth of the summer sun on his face.

He shivered again anyway.

When he finally opened his eyes, he had to blink a few times and block the sun with his hand, everything started off extremely blurry. He couldn't remember anything, other than the fact that he was dead.

He sat up slowly, feeling slightly dizzy for unknown reasons. He blinked twice, reaching up to run a hand through his hair.

Once the dizziness had subsided, Eddie pushed himself up onto his feet and steadied himself with the help of a nearby rock. Once he could stand on his own, he took a few shaky steps forward before he remembered how to walk properly again.

He finally looked around, and recognised the area immediately.

The quarry.

The water looked cleaner than it was the last time he'd been there

with all of his friends, the sun reflecting off of it beautifully. He stared at his reflection in the water for a moment, checking that everything was as it should be. He still had both of his arms, which was all he was worried about really.

He remembered sitting here with all of his friends in nothing but his underwear, with a song playing on a boombox and Beverly sunbathing nearby. He remembered leaving and going to Ben's house right after, looking at all of the missing children's posters that littered the wall.

He took in the view of the water again, his gaze eventually reaching the cliff he recalled jumping from. His eyes travelled upwards to the top, and Eddie froze once he noticed a familiar boy sitting there, his legs dangling over the edge as he gazed into the distance. If Eddie squinted, he could just make out the curls atop his head, and the way that they were blowing slightly in the light breeze.

Eddie stared for a while longer before turning and making his way up there, he reached the spot in record time, somehow knowing the route like it was the back of his hand. He paused once the boy came into his line of sight, taking a moment to catch his breath before speaking.

"Stan." He said quietly, not wanting to startle him, edging closer to him slowly.

Stan turned around, his eyes widening as he realised who it was. "Eddie?" He whispered in shock, "holy shit."

"Hey." Eddie greeted awkwardly, still slightly confused at what was going on, but pleased to find a familiar face nonetheless.

"Hi." Stan replied, moving over a bit and patting the space next to him, "come sit with me."

Eddie obliged, walking over and taking a seat next to Stan on the edge. The view of the water was even prettier from up here, the rays of sun bouncing off of the surface making it look like it was shimmering.

“Do you know why we’re here?” Eddie asked after a beat of silence.

Stan shook his head, “I know we’re dead. That’s about it.”

Eddie tried not to flinch at the reminder that he’d died. “You seem oddly cool with that.”

Stan looked down and shrugged, “I feel much happier here than I ever was when I was alive. Don’t you?”

Eddie thought about it before replying, “I don’t really feel like anything.”

Stan nodded, “I think that’s normal. I felt like that too at first.”

“What made you change?”

Stan smiled, “it’s peaceful here. Nothing’s after me, nothing’s threatening me, no-one expects anything of me.” He looked up at Eddie, “I just... feel so free. Like I can do anything.”

Eddie smiled back, then turned and looked at the water again, “you probably can.” He said.

The two boys sat in silence for a while, Eddie taking the time to adjust to the situation. He traced his name in the dust on the ground next to him, surprised that he didn’t mind the way it coated his fingertips as he did.

He wasn’t afraid anymore.

“So...” he started, “what do you do around here?”

Stan continued watching the sky and glanced at Eddie while he answered, “I like watching the birds. Especially when they do this-look.”

Stan held his arm out, extending his finger and waiting in silence for a few seconds. Eddie watched him with a curious expression on his face, his eyes widening in surprise when a brown bird flew over and landed on Stan’s outstretched finger.

Stan grinned, watching the bird intently for a few seconds before glancing at Eddie and chuckling at his shocked expression.

“This is a blackbird.” He explained, focusing on the bird again as it stared back at him.

Eddie frowned, “but... it’s not black?”

Stan chuckled again, “that’s because it’s a female. Only the male blackbirds are actually black.”

Eddie nodded in understanding, “cool.”

Stan reached out and stroked the bird carefully, running his finger over it’s wings, it stayed for a moment longer, before seemingly getting bored and flying off.

Stan sat back and relaxed for a bit before noticing Eddie’s slightly sad expression.

“Hey.” He reached out and placed a comforting hand on Eddie’s shoulder, the shorter boy looking over at him. “I know it’ll probably take a while to get used to, but you’ll like it here, I promise.” He shuffled closer, so their legs were touching, and pulled Eddie towards him so the boy’s head was leaning on his shoulder, his hair tickling Stan’s neck.

He rubbed circles into Eddie’s arm comfortingly, knowing that soon the Loser’s Club would be fully reunited once again. Two down, five to go.

Eddie sniffed, moving closer, Stan could feel his t-shirt gradually getting damp as he did.

“Eddie, listen to me.” He whispered softly, aware that the boy was crying, “it might not feel like it now, but everything’s gonna be fine, okay? I promise you.”

Eddie continued crying, but Stan knew that it was probably better for him to get his emotions out, “everything’s gonna be fine.” He whispered.

And eventually, it was.

2. You Were Only Waiting For This Moment To Arise

Summary for the Chapter:

“You don’t seem as happy as everyone else here.” She observed, silently encouraging him to tell her why.

Eddie shrugged, “I-I don’t know why.” He lied. “Everyone else is fine, they all have each other. You have Ben, Stan has Mike, Bill has Georgie.” He sighed sadly, “I don’t have anyone.”

“You don’t have anyone, or you don’t have the one person you want?” She asked him softly, obviously seeing right through him.

Eddie looked down and blushed, taking a moment before deciding to just give in and tell her. He bit his lip before speaking again, “I think I was in love with him.” He said quietly, “and I had to go before I could work up the courage to do anything about it.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I can honestly say I hate this lol, but I hope ya’ll like it because now everyone’s is reunited again so HAPPINESS!!

Also this is unedited. I rewrote it like five times.

Bill arrived next.

Eddie and Stan had been attempting to skim rocks at the quarry (attempting being the keyword there, as they were both failing miserably) when Bill suddenly appeared in the middle of the water, coughing and spluttering as he flailed for a few seconds before noticing them and swimming over.

They both rushed over to the water, but Eddie remained silent once Bill reached dry land, simply sending a small smile his way while

Stan explained everything. It'd taken him a while to adjust. Stan might've been content sitting around and watching birds all day, but for Eddie something was missing, he just couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was.

Stan was just beginning to tell Bill about the type of birds he'd seen that day, when Bill froze suddenly, his gaze fixed on something behind Stan and Eddie.

"Bill?" Stan asked, a worried expression on his face, "you okay?"

Bill nodded almost absent-mindedly, walking right past Stan and causing the other two boys to finally turn around and find out what he was staring at.

"Bill?" Georgie Denbrough stood in front of them, wearing a yellow raincoat that really didn't make sense with what the weather was currently like.

Eddie and Stan had never seen him before- they'd expected to, since they'd expected Bill to turn up eventually alongside all of the other Losers, but Georgie had never actually made an appearance until now. Eddie wondered if he'd been there the whole time and had just never interacted with them, or if he'd been somewhere else and arrived at the same time Bill did. The latter seemed more plausible.

"Georgie?" Bill asked, his voice cracking slightly at the sight of his younger brother.

"It's really me, Bill! Look-" Georgie pulled a small paper boat out of his pocket, "I still have her! I kept her safe so you wouldn't get mad, do you think she'll still float?"

Bill let out a small choked sob, and Georgie immediately ran towards Bill and allowed his brother to pick him up and hug him tightly. "I missed you so much Bill! I've been waiting for you for so long!" The younger boy cried, his arms wrapped around Bill's neck. "I was so scared when I was all alone- but you're with me now so I don't have to be scared anymore."

"I glad you're not scared anymore Georgie." Bill cried, "and I missed

you too, so, so much.”

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Mike turned up next. It was Bill that'd found him, saying that he'd seen him wandering around the area while he was making paper boats with Georgie (they'd decided to start a collection and make as many as they could, coming up with different names for all of them). Mike was pretty calm about everything, like Stan had been, mostly hanging around with Stan and telling him about what he'd done while he was alive. Bill had already told Stan everything (he also preferred spending time with Georgie, which no-one judged him for) and Eddie preferred not to relive it, so Mike and Stan usually sat and talked on the cliffs edge while Stan watched birds out of the corner of his eye and Mike pretended that he wasn't scared of them.

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Beverly was next, Ben following extremely closely behind. Apparently they just casually strolled out of some nearby woods holding hands like they'd been there the whole time. The two were joint at the hip from the moment they arrived, Eddie had snuck off away from the others earlier that day, so he didn't find out that they'd arrived until much later on.

He was glad that they were almost all reunited again, but it didn't help the fact that he still felt like something was missing- he knew what it was by now, he just felt too afraid to say it.

Eventually, he managed to get Beverly alone to talk about it, after she'd finished explaining everything she'd done before she'd died, she sat back and allowed Eddie to speak. When he didn't, she nudged him with her foot gently.

“You don't seem as happy as everyone else here.” She observed, silently encouraging him to tell her why.

Eddie shrugged, “I-I don't know why.” He lied. “Everyone else is fine, they all have each other. You have Ben, Stan has Mike, Bill has Georgie.” He sighed sadly, “I don't have anyone.”

"You don't have anyone, or you don't have the one person you want?" She asked him softly, obviously seeing right through him.

Eddie looked down and blushed, taking a moment before deciding to just give in and tell her. He bit his lip before speaking again, "I think I was in love with him." He said quietly, "and I had to go before I could work up the courage to do anything about it."

Tears stung his eyes as the realisation dawned on him and Beverly moved closer and pulled him into a hug, rubbing comforting circles into his back as he cried into her shoulder.

"I think he felt the same about you." She told him, "he was a mess after you... after you left. If I'm right, he'll definitely be here when... when it's his time."

Eddie sniffed, his head still buried in her now-damp shoulder. Beverly patted his back and pulled away from the embrace, she froze, much like Bill had when he'd seen Georgie. "It might even be sooner than you think." She said, her eyes focused on something behind him.

"Wh-"

"Eds?"

Eddie spun around, forgetting to say his usual *don't call me that* as his gaze fell on a boy who he'd been waiting for for what felt like forever. He slowly got to his feet, Beverly quietly leaving to go find the others so she could give them the privacy they needed.

"Richie." He whispered, the boy in question looking like he almost didn't believe who he was seeing.

The two boys stared at each other for a moment before they both broke into a run, reaching each other in a matter of seconds. They both seemed to hesitate just before they met- but Eddie was the first to give in, sick and tired of waiting for so long.

Without really thinking about it, Eddie Kaspbrak grabbed Richie Tozier's face and pulled him in for a kiss.

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When Richie finally kicked the bucket, he was surprised to find himself back at the quarry where he'd made the best of his childhood memories. He wandered around a bit, taking in the scenery and being amazed at how well he remembered everything even though he hadn't been there in years.

His casual stroll slowed down as he heard voices, recognising them immediately but being confused as to why exactly he was hearing them. It wasn't until he stepped out from between two bushes and Beverly Marsh froze while embracing a boy Richie had been waiting to see again his entire life that he realised that he'd made it to heaven, not hell.

He wanted to make a joke, to grin and be his usual self, but his emotions quickly rose to the surface and he couldn't stop himself from saying what he did.

"Eds?" He croaked, his voice thick with emotion already.

The boy in question spun around at the sound of his nickname, Richie waited for the usual *don't call me that* and frowned when it never came.

"Richie?" Is all Eddie managed instead. Richie couldn't actually believe that it *was* Eddie. *His* Eddie, the Eddie who he'd spent his teen years teasing and slyly flirting with, who had two fanny packs and carried around pills and an inhaler he didn't need, the Eddie who Richie held tightly in his arms while he bled to death on a cold sewer floor. *That* Eddie.

They stared at each other before finally getting over the initial shock and just racing towards one another. They both hesitated when they got within reach- unsure of whether to go in for a kiss or a hug. Eddie decided to make the decision for the both of them, and Richie couldn't say that he disagreed with it.

Eddie Kaspbrak grabbed Richie Tozier and kissed him, after waiting too many years to work up the courage to do so.

And in that moment, both boys felt whole again.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

For anyone wondering, Georgie wasn't with Stan and Eddie because he was in another part of Derry sailing his paper boat until Bill arrived and they could be together again. I'm pretty sure that up until he lost the boat, he was having a lot of fun, so I wrote him there cause it's the last time he was happy before he died.

P.S. I guess if you squint there could be some StanxMike in this but I'm not really sure if I ship it or not so interpret it as you want I don't mind.

P.P.S. If you want more of my writing, my tumblr is gazebo-eds. you can request stuff on there.

## **Author's Note:**

I know literally nothing about Blackbirds other than what I googled, but this story takes place in Heaven anyway so it doesn't matter if they're really that accurate.

I hope you enjoyed either way.

You can send me ideas and prompts for more fics on my tumblr: gazebo-eds